

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 217.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

VOL. IX. No. 9.

## Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.  
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, No. 21 School St. Boston.  
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "  
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "  
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "  
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## THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Widdiant, for the  
Journal of Music.

### CHAPTER X.

OTTAVIO.

"Master Boccaferri," cried I, gently opening the curtain, "do you recognize the voice of the Commander?"

"Yes, pardieu, I do recognize the voice," answered he, "but I cannot say to whom it belongs. A thousand devils! there is either a ghost or an intruder here; what does this mean, my children?"

"This means, my father," said Ottavio, turning towards me and revealing the pure and noble features of Cecilia, "that we have one more good actor and one more good friend among us."

She came to me with outstretched hand. With one bound I leaped into the place for the orchestra; I seized her hand and covered it with kisses, and then embraced old Boccaferri, who held out his arms to me. It was the first time I had ever dreamed of giving him such a salute, the idea of which would have filled me with disgust two months before. It is true that this was the first time I had seen him sober and not smelling of an old pipe and new wine.

Celio embraced me also with more affection than I had supposed him capable of. The grief of his fiasco had passed off, and with it all bitterness in his language and in his features.

"Friend," said he to me, "I wish to present you to all I love. You see before you Floriani's four children, my sisters, Stella and Beatrice, and my younger brother Salvator, the Benjamin of

the family, a good and merry child, who was growing pale in a law office, and who left the sober profession of scribe two days since to come and learn to be an artist in the school of our adopted father, Boccaferri. We are fixed here for the rest of the winter; some carry on their education and others their dramatic studies. We will explain all to you some other time; now we must not be too much taken up with embraces and explanations, or we shall forget the play; we shall cool towards the principal business of our life, that which is first here—the dramatic art."

"Only one word more," said I to him, looking sideways at Cecilia. "Cruel ones! why did you forsake me? If the most improbable and unforeseen accident had not conducted me hither, I might never have seen you again except across the footlights; for you promised to write me, Celio, and you forgot me."

"A falsehood!" cried he, laughing. "A letter from me, enclosing an invitation from our dear host, the marquis, awaits you this very moment in Vienna. Did you not tell me that you were not to cross the Alps until spring? It is for you to explain how you found us here, or rather, how you discovered our retreat, and why it was necessary that these girls should compromise themselves so far as to write you a note at the door instead of spying round the windows. If yesterday's adventure had not put me upon your track, if I had not followed the marks of your indiscreet footsteps upon the snow to Volabù's house, where I saw your name upon a trunk in his coach-house, would you have planned some terrible surprise?"

"I? I was the most stupid and innocent of spies. I did not know you were here. My head was turned by your nightly revels, which have excited the whole village, and I came to try if I could find out the manias of Monsieur le Marquis de Balma. But, by the way," cried I, bursting into a loud laugh, and then casting an uneasy and confused glance around me, "in whose house are we now? What are you doing with the old marquis, and how can he sleep in such a hubbub?"

The whole company looked at each other with surprise, and then Beatrice laughed loudly as I had done.

But Boccaferri began to speak, and with great coolness answered:

"The old marquis is really a monomaniac," said he. "He has a great passion for the theatre, and his first care, when he found himself rich and owner of a fine castle, was to call together, through my means, the select troupe which you see before you, and that he may hide them here,

he makes them pass for his family. As he sleeps a great deal and is rather deaf, we rehearse without being annoyed by his presence, and at the first opportunity we shall make our débuts before him; but as he is thought to mourn the death of his generous brother, who only made him his heir because he forgot to disinherit him, he commands the greatest secrecy. That is why no one knows how our nights are spent, and they prefer to imagine that we invoke the evil one, rather than that we are practising the greatest and most complete of all the arts. Stay with us, then, Salentini, as long as you please, and if you like it, take part in our theatre. As I make rain and sunshine here, your true name need not be known if you wish to change it. In case of need, you can pass for the sixth child of the marquis. I am his right hand and his factotum, and choose and direct the subjects. You see I have long been intimate with this kind nobleman, which must not surprise you, as he is an old drunkard, and we became intimate friends at restaurants; but we have reformed here, and since we can have as much wine as we please, our society is charming. But come! we are forgetting the play, and we must not tell stories in the entr'acte. Will you continue the statue to the end? It is only a skilful display; to-morrow you can have any rôle you desire in some other play, or else you may take that of Ottavio, and Cecilia shall create the rôle of Elvira, which we have suppressed. You already understand that we have invented a new sort of theatre, and one thoroughly suited to us. We take the first programme we come across, and improvise the dialogue, aided by our remembrance of the text. When a subject pleases us, like this, we study it for several days, changing it *ad libitum*. If not, we pass on to another, and often we invent the subject ourselves, trusting to the intelligence and fancy of each one to have it pass off well. You see that we only desire one thing—to be originators, and not servile interpreters. We seek inspiration, and by degrees it comes upon us. You will understand the rest, after seeing how we go on. It is already ten o'clock, and we have only played two acts. *All'opra!* my children! The boys to the decorations, and the girls to the manuscripts, to keep us in the order of the scenes, for order is necessary even in inspiration. Quick, quick! this entr'acte must weary the public."

Boccaferri spoke these last words in such a tone as would have made any one believe that he saw an imaginary public filling this empty and echoing hall. But he was no maniac. He gave himself up to the conscientious study of art, and he taught his pupils well in seeking himself to

put in practice those theories which had been the dream of his whole life.

We went about changing the scenes. This was done in the twinkling of an eye, the decorations were so well arranged, so light and easy to move, and the machinery so perfect.

"This is an old theatre, perfect in construction and in size," said Boccaferri to me. "The Balmas have always had a great passion for theatricals, except the last, and he died, sad, tired out, perfectly selfish and good for nothing, for the mere want of having cultivated and understood this divine art. The present marquis is the worthy son of his fathers, and his first care was to bring to light the decorations and costumes which filled this wing of the mansion. It was I who brought back life to all these corpses lying in dust. You know that was my trade *yonder*. In a week I restored their color and elasticity. My daughter, who is a great artist, mended the garments, and brought back to them the style and extravagances common fifty years ago. The little Florianis, who wish to become artists some day, assist her and profit by her lessons. I and Celio, who is worth ten men for his promptness of execution, the dexterity of his hands, and quickness of intuition, thought we might make a stage which we could enjoy, and which should not deceive us at every turn by showing us those bare and cold side-scenes, which chill your powers and your heart as soon as you enter. In our case we do not disregard the public, who we imagine share our illusion. We always act as if the public were before us; but we only think of it in the entr'acte. During the representation we have agreed to forget it, as it should be in a real theatre. As for our method of decoration, go to the back of the room and see if the illusion and effect are not better than they would be if we had an ignoble rough side turned to us, which the public, seated at the side, never can help seeing a little.

"It is true that, to satisfy ourselves, we use simple means, whose charms would be lost upon a large stage. We plant veritable trees upon our boards, and we put real rocks even in our backgrounds. We can do it, because the stage is small, and we ought to do it, since the usual means of perspective are not in our power. There is not space enough here for such to deceive us, and when our illusion goes, talent fails with it. All is bound together. Art is homogeneous; it is a magnificent resumé of the fragments of all our faculties. The theatre is this resumé *par excellence*, and that is why there is no true theatre, why there are no true actors, or at least so few, and those who are so are not always understood, because they find themselves like fine pearls among false diamonds, whose vulgar brilliancy outshines them.

"There are few true actors, and yet all should be so; what can an actor be without this first essential and vital condition of his art? Talent should only be distinguished from mediocrity by the degree of elevation in the mind. A man of heart and intelligence would necessarily be a great actor, if the rules of art were known and observed, while now it is often the contrary. A beautiful and intelligent woman, generous in her passions, of free and natural grace, would not be in the second rank, as was always my daughter, who was not capable of throwing into the scene the soul and genius which belongs to her in

every-day life. Since she never found herself in a sphere sufficiently artistic to impress her, she was always chilled by the stage; and when you see her here, you will not recognize her. It is because nothing shocks or saddens us here. We enlarge by fancy the frame in which we desire to be impressed, and the poetry of the decoration is the gilding of that frame.

"Yes, sir," continued Boccaferri, with animation, all the time arranging a thousand little details without stopping his talk, "the unnaturalness of the *mise-en-scène*, the characters, the dialogue, and even the costumes, is enough to freeze the inspirations of an artist who understands the truth and cannot condescend to falsehood. There is nothing more silly than to see an actor raving in impossible scenes and declaiming ridiculous words with eloquence. It is because such dramas are written, and played into the bargain, with an absurdity worthy of them, that there are no true actors. I tell you all ought to be. Remember Cecilia. She is too intelligent not to feel the truth, and you have often seen her insufficient, almost always too self-possessed, and concealing her emotion, but you never saw her turn aside or fall into falsehood; and yet she was a tame actress. Even such as she was, she injured nothing, and the piece was none the worse for her. But I say this: if the theatre were truer, all the actors would be also, even the most mediocre and the most timid; if the stage itself were more real, all the intelligent and courageous ones would be great actors; and in those intervals, when they should not be on the stage, when the public rests after the emotions they have produced, the second-rate ones would be at least simple and natural. Instead of the torture suffered in seeing the detestable ones make grimaces, a certain confiding pleasure would be felt in following their acting in the details necessary to the plot. The public would be moulded in this school, and instead of being as to-day, unjust and stupid, would be conscientious, attentive, loving well written works, and a friend of the faithful artist. Until that time comes, don't talk to me of acting, for it is an art almost lost to the world, and all the efforts of a genius are required to bring it back to life.

"Yes, Celio, my son," said he to the young man, who was waiting till he had ceased talking to begin the next act, "your mother, a great artist, understood that. She always listened to me, and did me great justice, saying that she owed a great deal to me. It was because she shared my ideas that she wished to arrange the plays she was to act, be the manager of her own theatre, choose and mould the actors. She felt that a great actress needed good supporters, and that the tirade of a heroine cannot be impassioned when the confidante listens with a stupid stare. Together we made energetic attempts. I was her decorator, her machinist, her tutor, her costumer, and at times her poet. No doubt it was very profitable to art, but not to business. It would have cost an immense fortune to have conquered the obstacles which first rose on all sides; and then the public does not know how to second noble efforts; it prefers to lower itself for a small price rather than to become ennobled at great expense."

"But you, Celio, you, Stella, Beatrice, Salvatore, you are young, you are united, you understand art already, and together you may attempt

a revolution. At least, have the desire for it, cherish the hope of it, even if it should only be a dream, if what we are now doing should only prove to be a poetical amusement, something will remain to you, which will make you superior to common actors and the superiorities of puppets. O my children! let me breathe upon you the sacred fire which makes me young again, and which has consumed me in vain until now, for want of the needful nourishment. I shall not regret having failed all my life, in every thing, having struggled with misery until I was driven to escape suicide by drunkenness. No, I shall complain of nothing in my unfortunate past, if the living offspring of Florianis may build their triumphs upon my ruins, if Celio, his brothers and his sisters realize their mother's dream, and if old Boccaferri can thus discharge his debt to the memory of that angel!"

"You are perfectly right, my friend," said Celio, "it was my mother's dream to see us all great artists; but for that, said she, *Art itself must be renewed*. Now, thanks to you, we understand her meaning; we understand too why she retired at thirty years, in all the brilliancy of her strength and genius, why she was so soon weary of the theatre, and proof against all illusions. I do not know that we can improve mankind in this particular; but we will make the attempt, and whatever may happen, we shall always bless your teachings, and shall owe all our joy to you; for they will indeed be great, and if the delicate tastes which you are giving us will expose us often to suffer from the contact of inferiority, when we come to the sublime, we shall feel it more sensibly than the vulgar."

We passed on to the third act, which was almost entirely taken from the Italian libretto. It was a *fête champêtre*, given by Don Juan to his vassals and his neighbors in the gardens of the castle. I admired the skill with which Boccaferri disguised the lack of supernumeraries. A crowd seemed to move and act behind the scenes, but they never appeared, and for the best of reasons. At times one of the actors not on the stage would skilfully imitate the murmuring of voices and the sound of distant footsteps. A dancing tune from the opera was played lightly upon some invisible instrument, suggesting a dance in the distance. These details were improvised with great art, each one taking part in the action with zeal and wonderful delicacy to aid those behind the scenes, and all without disturbing or drawing away their attention from their parts. The ingenious arrangements of dark and narrow side passages, only lighted from the stage, and growing dark as they deepened, allowed all to notice and seize what was going on without disturbing the naturalness of the play, or being seen by the actors. Every one had something to do, and no one could forget the subject for one moment, which made them return to the stage as excited as they went off. I found I could make myself useful, without appearing in this act. The arrangement was above all a delicate thing to observe; and if I had not seen it practised by these intelligent beings, who unawares communicated to me their delicacy of perception, I could never have believed it possible to trust to the chances of improvisation, without failing in the proportion of the scenes, the order of the entrances and exits, and the remembrance of the accustomed details. It seemed that this difficulty appeared at first insurmountable to the Florianis;



but Boccaferri and his daughter persisted, and their theories upon the nature of artistic inspiration, and upon the way to possess it, enlightened this mysterious work, light dawned upon their first chaos, order and logic claimed their rights in all the healthy labor of art, and the fearful obstacle was overcome with wonderful rapidity. They had even gone so far as not to hint to each other, by winking or whispering as at first. Each one had his rule written in enduring characters upon his mind; the brilliant *à propos* of the dialogue, the ardor of passion, the wit of the impromptu, the fantastic wandering had all the charm of liberty, and yet the action did not go astray, and if it seemed to be forgotten for a moment, to be brought back and strengthened by some chance incident, the resemblance of this mode of dramatic action with real life, (*ce grand dénoué, recoué sans cesse à propos*), was only the more striking and more fascinating.

In the first part of this act I admired two new actors, Beatrice (Zerlina) and Salvator (Masetto). These two lovely children had the inestimable fortune to be just as young and fresh as their parts; and their usual manners of brotherly familiarity gave to their dispute a charming character of chastity and childish obstinacy, which in no way injured the scene; and yet this was not the intention of the Italian libretto, much less Molière's; but what did it matter? The thing seemed better to me thus instinctively rendered. Young Salvator (the Benjamin, as he was called,) acted like an angel. He was comic, without striving to be so. He spoke the Milanese dialect, whose little graces and naive metaphors he knew so well, as he had so lately been cradled among them; he had a true feeling of the dangers which surrounded Zerlina in allowing herself to be wooed by a libertine; he reproached her coquetry with the freedom of a brother, which only made the frankness of the peasant more lifelike. He knew how to make those little malicious speeches which provoke young girls when spoken before strangers, and Beatrice was really provoked, and so she acted wonderfully without dreaming of it.

But another more learned and more experienced couple succeeded this pretty one—Anna and Ottavio. Stella was a heroine, full of nobleness, sadness and reverie. I saw that she had well read and understood Hoffmann's "Don Juan," and that she completed the character of the libretto in just intimating a delicate shade of involuntary fascination towards the irresistible enemy of her race and happiness. This point was exquisitely touched, and this victim of a secret fatality was far more virtuous and interesting thus than as merely the proud and strong daughter of the Commander, mourning and avenging her father without weakness and without pity.

But what shall I say of Ottavio? I could not conceive what could be made of this character, in taking away from him the music he sings; for Mozart alone made anything out of him. So Cecilia had everything to create, and she did it with a masterly hand; she expressed all the tenderness, the devotion, the indignation and the perseverance which Mozart alone could indicate. She translated the composer's ideas in language as elevated as his music; she gave to the young lover poetry, grace, pride, and above all, love.

"Yes, that is love," said Celio to me suddenly,

in the side-scenes, whispering in my ear, as if he had answered my thought. "Listen and look at Cecilia, my friend, and strive to forget the promise I made you never to love her. I cannot answer to you for anything concerning this, for I did not know her two months ago; I had never heard her express love, and I did not know she could feel it. Now I know her, as I see her away from the public, which paralyzed her. She is transformed in my eyes, and I am transformed in my own. I believe I am as capable of loving as she. It remains to be known if we shall be to each other the object of that ardor which grows within us, without any end at present beyond the revelation of art; but trust to thy friend no longer, Adorno, and work on your own account, without help from me."

While thus speaking, Celio held my hand and pressed it convulsively. I felt, from the trembling of his whole person, that either he or I was lost.

"What is all this?" asked Boccaferri, passing near us. "Distraction? a dialogue in the side-scenes? Do you then wish to chase away the god which inspires us. Come, Don Juan, recollect yourself, forget Celio Floriani, and come, let us torment Masetto!"

[To be continued.]

### Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.]

(Concluded from last week.)

#### ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

It prevents an entire want of cultivation.

Dilettantism is a necessary consequence of a general extension of art, and may even be a cause of it.

It can, under certain circumstances, excite and develop a true artistic talent.

Elevates handicraft to a certain resemblance to art.

Has a civilizing tendency.

Substitutes a certain idea of art in the place of ignorance, and extends it to where the artist would not be able to reach.

Gives occupation to productive power, and cultivates something serious in man.

Appearances are changed into ideas.

Teaches to analyze impressions.

Aids the appropriation and reproduction of forms.

#### ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

##### IN THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

Learning to see.

Knowledge of the principles by which we see. Changing the subject of a picture, i. e., the visible filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Knowledge of forms, i. e., the filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Learning to analyze. All commence with a simple impression, without analysis. The next step is to analyze, and the third is the return from the analysis to the feeling of the whole, which is the *Æsthetic*.

The Dilettant enjoys this advantage in common with the Artist, in contrast to the merely passive observer.

##### IN ARCHITECTURE.

Awakens the free productive force.

Is the speediest and most immediate transition from material to form, thus expressing the highest need in man.

It awakes and develops the feeling for the lofty, to which it for the most part inclines, rather than to the beautiful.

It introduces order and proportion, and teaches

to strive after an appearance of beauty, and a certain freedom even in the needful and necessary.

The general advantage of Dilettantism, its civilizing tendency, and its substituting, and extending a certain artistic sense in the place of ignorance, where the artist cannot reach, applies particularly to architecture.

##### IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

Ideal in the Real.

Striving after form, in formless masses.

Choice.

Beautiful grouping.

Making a picture out of a reality; in short the first step into art.

A well cared for and beautiful neighborhood, has always a beneficial effect on society.

##### IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Cultivation of language in general.

More manifold interest "in humanioribus," in contrast to the crudeness of the ignorant, or the pedantic narrowness of the mere man of business, or pedant.

Cultivation of the feelings and of the verbal expression of the same.

The cultivated man ought to be able to express his feelings with poetic beauty.

Ideal view of objects of common life.

Cultivation of the imagination, especially as an integral part of the culture of the intellect.

Awaking and direction of the productive imagination to the highest functions of the mind in the sciences and practical life.

Cultivation of the sense of the rhythmical.

There being no objective laws, either for the internal or external construction of a poem, the amateur ought to hold fast to acknowledged models, so much the more strongly than the master does, and rather imitate the good that exists, than strive after originality; and in the external and metrical parts, follow strictly the well-known general rules.

And as the Dilettant can only form himself after models, he ought, in order to avoid one-sidedness, to acquire the most universal knowledge of all models, and survey the field of poetic literature yet more perfectly, than is required of the artist himself.

##### IN MUSIC.

More profound education of the sense.

Recognition of mathematical precision in the organ, and its application to the aims of sentiment and beauty.

Favors a social connexion and entertainment, without any fixed interest.

Helps to an ideal existence, even when music only calls to the dance.

##### IN THE DANCE.

Flexibility, and possibility of beautiful motions.

Feeling and practice of rhythm, in all motions.

Æsthetic significance of movements.

Cultivation of the physical powers, preparation of the body for all possible physical accomplishments.

Musical tuning of the body.

Proportion in movement, between too much and not enough.

Possibility of a graceful carriage.

Possibility of sympathetic action in an exalted state.

##### IN THE DRAMATIC ART.

Opportunity of farther cultivation in declamation.

Attention to one's own representations.

Participates in the advantages predicated of Dancing.

Exercise of the memory.

Sensible attention and accuracy.

#### DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

The Dilettant jumps over the steps, stops at certain steps which he regards as the end, and from which he thinks himself justified in judging of the whole; prevents also his perfectibility.

He subjects himself to the necessity of working by false rules, because he cannot work even as a Dilettant without some rules, and he does not understand the true objective rules.

He departs more and more from the truth of objects, and loses himself in subjective errors.

Dilettantism takes its element from art and spoils art's public, by depriving it of its earnestness and strictness.

All tendency to predilection destroys art, and dilettantism, brings in indulgence and favor. At the expense of the true artists, it brings into notice those that stand nearest to Dilettantism.

In Dilettantism the loss is always greater than the gain.

From handicraft the way is open to rise to art, but not from botch-work.

Dilettantism favors the indifferent, partial, and characterless.

Injury Dilettants do to art, by bringing artists down to their level.

Can bear no good artist near them.

In all cases, where the art itself has no proper regulative power, as in Poetry, the Art of Gardening, the Drama, the injury Dilettantism does is greater, and its pretensions more arrogant. The worst case is that of the Drama.

#### DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

##### IN ARCHITECTURE.

On account of the great difficulty of giving character to architecture, of imparting variety and beauty, the Dilettant, unable to attain to these, must, according to the tendency of his time, run either into the meagre and overloaded, or the heavy and unmeaning. But an architectural work, being dependent on beauty for its existence, if it have not this, is wholly null.

On account of its ideal nature, it is more easy than in any other art to run into the Fantastic, which does more injury here than anywhere else.

Since it is only the few, who are able to raise themselves to a free culture, according to the laws of pure beauty, the architectural Dilettant easily falls into sentimental and allegorical architecture, seeking in this way to superinduce the character, which he does not know how to find in beauty.

Architectural Dilettantism, without being able to accomplish the object of beauty, fails usually in the physical aim of building, utility and convenience.

The publicity and permanence of architectural works, renders the injurious effect of Dilettantism, in this department, more universal and enduring; and perpetuates false taste, for the reason that in the arts generally, the conspicuous and widely-known serves again for models.

The earnest aim of beautiful architectural works gives them a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man, and botch-work, in this case, does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfectibility.

##### IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

The real treated as a work of fancy.

Garden-dilettantism runs into a sort of endlessness; 1. because it is not fixed and limited in the idea; 2. because the material is always undergoing accidental changes, and so always counteracts the idea.

Garden-dilettantism often puts the nobler arts to an unworthy use, and makes their earnest aim subservient to the end of amusement.

Favors a sentimental and fantastic nullity.

Lessens the exalted in nature, and while it imitates, removes it.

Perpetuates the reigning error of the time, viz. the wish to be free from condition and restraint in the aesthetic, and to let the fancy have free scope, while there is not, as in the other arts, any means to correct, and keep it within the bounds of propriety.

Mixing up of nature and art.

Producing an effect with mere outside appearance.

The erections it gives rise to are light, slender, wood and board constructions, and destroy the idea of solid architecture. They destroy the feeling for it. The thatched roof, the wooden screens all give an inclination for card-house architecture.

##### IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Belles-lettres, shallowness, and emptiness, withdrawal from solid studies; or superficial treatment.

A greater danger exists in this, than in the other arts, of mistaking a merely Dilettantic dexterity for a true genius for art, and in this case, the subject is worse off than in any other Dilettantism, because its existence becomes an entire nullity; for the poet is nothing at all except through earnestness and conformity to art.

Dilettantism in general, but especially in poetry, weakens the feeling and perception for the good that lies beyond it, and whilst it is indulgent to a restless desire to produce, which leads it to nothing perfect, robs itself of all the culture it might derive through the perception of foreign excellencies.

Poetical Dilettantism may be of two sorts. Either it neglects the (indispensable) mechanical, and thinks enough done if it shows mind and feeling; or, it seeks poetry only in the mechanical, acquiring a technical dexterity therein, but without spirit or significance. Both are injurious, but the former rather injures the art, and the latter the subject.

All Dilettants are Plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter, and at the same time, imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it. Thus the language gets filled with phrases and formulas stolen from all sides, and which have no longer any meaning, and you may read whole books through, written in a fine style, and containing nothing. In a word, all that is really beautiful and good in true poetry, is profaned, rendered common, and degraded.

##### IN PRAGMATICAL POETRY.

All the disadvantages of Dilettantism in Lyrical poetry, apply here in a far higher degree. Not the art alone, but the subject also, suffers more.

Mixing up of different kinds.

##### IN MUSIC.

When the culture of the musical-dilettant is autodidactic, and composition as well as practice not acquired under the strict supervision of a master, there results a painful, uncertain, unsatisfactory effort; because the musical-dilettant, unlike those in the other arts, can produce no effects without a knowledge of artistic rules.

Dilettantism in music, more than any other dilettantism, makes its possessor less sympathizing and less capable of receiving enjoyment from the works of others, and also narrows down the subject, which it seizes in its one-sided and characteristic form.

##### IN THE DANCE.

Want of unity in the limbs, and affectation.

Stiffness and pedantry.

Caricature.

Vanity.

False training of the body.

Want of character, and emptiness.

Loose and negligent style.

Mannered style, through the exaggeration of beautiful movements.

Either stiff and painful, or rude and disproportioned.

(Both extremes prevented by the pleasing and significant.)

Inclines society to a sensual vagueness.

Unmeaning and one-sided direction given to bodily appearance.

Dancing should therefore have its Masters of the Art, because Dilettantism either leads to uncertainty and timidity, hindering freedom and limiting the powers, or else runs into vanity and thence to emptiness.

##### IN THE DRAMA.

Caricature of one's own faulty individuality.

Incapacitates the mind for all occupation, through the illusion of a fantastic mode of viewing objects.

Expense of interest and passion, without fruit.

Eternal circle of monotonous, ever repeated, ineffectual activity.

(There is nothing so attractive to Dilettants as comedy-rehearsals. Professed actors hate them.)

Partial forbearance towards theatrical Dilettants; feeding them with applause.

Eternal inclination towards a passionate condition and behavior, without balance.

Feeding all hateful passions with the worst results for civil and household existence.

Blunting the feeling for poetry.

Use of exalted language for commonplace sentiments.

A rag-fair of thoughts, commonplaces, and descriptions in the memory.

Pervading affectation and manner, reaching also into life.

Most injurious indulgence towards the indifferent and faulty, in a public and quite personal case.

The general tolerance for the home-made, becomes in this case more eminent.

Most pernicious use of amateur comedies for the education of children, where it all turns to nonsense. In the same manner, the most dangerous of all amusements for universities, &c.

Destruction of the ideality of art, because the Dilettant, not being able to raise himself through the appropriation of artistic ideas and traditions, must do all through a pathological reality.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### THE SOURCE OF SONG.

[From the German of AUERSPERG.]

How came it, while the arrow, stinging,  
Burned in my heart, love's bliss I sang?  
How was it, only joy came springing  
Where sorrow nursed a deadly pang?

Lo! on the silver waters riding,  
The proud swan sails in snowy white;  
Long has he now been, tuneless, gliding  
On his calm way, in mute delight.

By moonlight pale, in morning's flushing,  
He glided downward—and was dumb;  
With many a rose the banks were blushing,  
He still sailed onward—and was dumb.

Now, when, in death, his heart-strings quiver,  
Pierced by the shaft—what he so long,  
In all his bliss, had uttered never,  
In woe he sings: his earliest song!

C. T. B.

#### Death of Adolph Adam.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his letter of May 8, describes the funeral honors paid to one of the most popular composers of the present French operatic school.

I presently reached the Rue Lafitte. When I reached the upper end of the street, I found it and all the space in front of the church Notre Dame de Lorette occupied by a crowd more compact than the one I had just left on the sidewalk of the Boulevards. There might have been a thousand or fifteen hundred persons standing there, very quiet and serious. The office of preserving order was a sinecure for the policemen present, for there were *sergens de ville* here also. The church, as I learned, was already filled to its utmost capacity—with mourners, as I saw by the funeral hangings that shrouded its elegant portico. An honest blouse, who came up at the same time as myself, respectfully asked who was the deceased to whom such honors were shown. An impeding old woman, who stood in front of us on the curbstone, and had heard the question and my reply of ignorance, courteously turned to tell us that it was was "the great composer, Adolph Adam" the author of the *Postilion of Lonjumeau*, of *Si j'étais Roi*, and numberless other pieces, operas and ballets.

On Friday evening last he was in apparently perfect health, and in his usual cheerful spirits. He was at the grand opera with his friends that night, and afterward accompanied some of them to the Theatre Lyrique, where one of his operas, *Si j'étais Roi*, a favorite with the public, was in rehearsal, for a new series of representations. On reaching home he wrote a letter and some notes of music, which he left on his piano. Not having appeared at his usual hour next morning, his wife went to his room at 8 o'clock to call him. She received no answer, approached his bed, and



found a cold corpse. He died of a disease of the heart. As physicians say, the extinction of vitality must have been instantaneous—without warning, without pain—such a death as the illustrious composer had desired—without precedent decay, in the midst of his strength and honors. He had expressed a dread of outliving the productive power of his faculties, and the attendant public applause.

When the solemn services of the church were ended, a procession, composed of artists in all kinds, amateurs, men of letters, and a very numerous body of friends—numbering in all, as it is loosely rated, some three thousand persons—followed his remains to their resting-place.

Three thousand men of all professions, leaving their business on a Monday, spending three or four hours in the heat of the day to do honor to an artist! It was a fine effect to the money-making throng on the *Boulevard des Italiens*—and, I ventured to observe to myself, a more characteristically national demonstration. One man—a large manufacturer of pianos, a friend of Adam, gave a holiday to all the workmen of his establishment, paying them their wages, with the request that they would attend his funeral. The *Théâtre Lyrique*, where one of his operas, as I said above, was to be performed, was closed that night. The *Bouffes Parisiens*, another operatic theatre where some of his compositions had been performed, was also closed. At the Grand Opera, the performances for the night had been commanded some days in advance by the Emperor, as a treat for his guest, the King of Würtemberg, and went on as usual, but the proceeds, also by the Emperor's command, have been handed over to the widow of the deceased. So well does Louis Napoleon understand his French. That the *Opéra Comique* was not closed on the same occasion, has been the theme of much indignant comment here.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### HAPPY LOVE.

[From the German of WOLFGANG MÜLLER.]

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!  
And though thou art over, our joy takes not flight:  
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,  
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

We youngsters once gathered the birches so gay,  
And marched to the village, our hats full of May;  
The maidens came out from each cottage to see,  
And, Heart's-love! you stole such sweet glances at me!

The festival over, you gave me, O bliss!  
Your hand for a pressure, your lips for a kiss!  
Mine wast thou, O jewel! eternally mine!  
And I was, O jewel! eternally thine.

Not in vain stood the rose, now, in blushes arrayed;  
I brought thee the nosegay, enrapturing maid;  
We shared, at the harvest, in dance and in song,  
We shared in the vintage, when that came along.

But now the cold winter all nature has sealed,  
No longer we revel o'er mountain and field;  
We sit by the fireside, one heart's bliss we share,  
In the heart it is summer, when true love blooms there!

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!  
And when thou returnest, our hands we unite:  
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,  
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

C. T. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### The New Piano-Forte.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1856.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 10th you copy an article from the New York *Evening Mirror*, upon my new piano. In the course of your remarks upon the article, I find the following passage: "The principle involved is certainly a good one. Whether the practical difficulties of reconciling so much lightness and vibratory freedom with the strength required by the enormous strain of all the wires of a piano have been really and fairly overcome, is what time alone can show."

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will permit me

to answer the doubt expressed in the paragraph quoted. Any departure from old established principles is naturally received with cautious wariness. This caution is the true conservatism, and should always be exercised in matters where principles are involved until the proposed innovations are clearly demonstrated to be improvements. I claim to have reconciled the difficulties of combining the utmost lightness of case and bottom with a strength sufficient to sustain double the strain ordinarily found in a large scale piano, and to have dispensed with all the heavy blocking, which is at once the strength and the useless incumbrance of the ordinary pianos, giving in place of this an immense addition of vibratory surface and inner scope for sound, and an iron frame composed of upper and lower oblong squares, with strengthening transverse bars and ascending arms, which are firmly bolted to the upper frame, after passing through the wrest plank or pin block, (the only block of wood inside the thin case,) which they sustain secure and immovable. This perfect iron frame, with its wrest plank within itself, bears all the strain and tension of the strings, asks no assistance from the wood-work frame, and is, in short, competent and self-sustaining. If the principle is recognized as correct, my aim is attained, for in the piano-forte now on exhibition at my room, the principle is fully carried out; the increase in the purity and the power of tone is fully realized, and it has remained up to its original pitch (high Philharmonic pitch) during three months of the most severe and constant tests, being played upon every day from morning until night.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,  
S. B. DRIGGS.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 31, 1856.

#### Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY LISZT.

A few months since (see Vol. viii. p. 185) we translated for our readers a portion (all that we had at that time received) of Liszt's very interesting and appreciative article upon the genius and productions of the most remarkable song composer, at the same time that he is one of the truest musicians, who now live in Germany. We are now in possession of the second and concluding part. It is chiefly biographical, and being about a man of whom so little has been known here personally—nothing in fact except those exquisite vibrations of his soul in song—it will doubtless interest our readers even more than the subtle metaphysical analysis of those vibrations, which we have before presented. In the absence therefore of other practicable or pressing editorial topics this week, we feel that we cannot do better than to continue the translation as far as our space permits.

"FRANZ was born on the 28th of June, 1815, at Halle, on the Saal. The state of things in the paternal house afforded him but little poetic stimulus; on the contrary, all that did not belong to the practical utilities of life in the sense of the last century, was regarded as unprofitable and injurious. His youth passed uneventfully, and he was indebted only to mere chance opportunities for the awakening of his musical capacities. Being already fourteen years of age, he was obliged, and that without any support upon the part of his relations, to acquire the elements of

music, as well as he could, in his own way, and upon his own responsibility. Later, when his inclination to music became more and more decided, it was no longer possible indeed to withhold from him a teacher; but naturally, as a consequence of the views then prevailing, the cheapest musical pedagogue was engaged for the first beginning, and, as might have been foreseen, the gifted pupil soon outstripped the teacher.

"A change had soon to be made in instruction and in method. And this necessity repeated itself so often, that in the space of four years the young Franz had studied with all the music teachers in Halle, and learned all he could from each of them, without being able to call his own any great capital of knowledge and ability. How indeed could he derive any solid profit, any lasting guidance, from this continued intercourse with various yet equivalent mediocrities? This his sound youthful insight saw so truly, that he considered himself, in spite of his numerous lessons, as left entirely to himself; in his first attempts he followed only the humor of his own suggestions, and so, out of the disadvantages of his position, he derived the incalculable advantage of accustoming himself to let the individual impulse alone decide in the choice of his matter and the form of his thought, instead of accommodating his mind, like so many talents, to mere imitation, and then resembling a manumitted slave, who needs years of apprenticeship to learn, not only how to enjoy, but how to actually possess and use the freedom that has been given him. How many all their lives remain such freedmen, and never attain to the natural noble movement of the freeborn and educated! His firm, clear understanding guarded Franz from arrogance and error, in this independence left him by the incapacity of his teachers. He indulged in neither complaint nor ridicule about so manifest a want of outward aid. Indeed, he found himself in this freedom, as in his natural element, and used it discreetly to give self-possession to his powers, accustoming himself to fix his eyes upon a goal, and slowly, steadily, consistently to seize the means for reaching it.

"Such a state of things in the earliest years of his artistic strivings, more than all later influences perhaps, determined the autodidactic character of his talent. The chosen ones of the Muse, the predestined artists know, like the bees, how to suck sweet aromatic nourishment out of the flower cups which contain deadly poison for others. But dry study did not satisfy him; the rigid thought answered but imperfectly to his yearning, as a dumb beauty would have left his heart unfilled. Written music was to him but a body without soul; he need hearing, that he might see his ideal realized. However much the so-called *earnest* musicians may affect to despise *virtuosity*, yet it is none the less true that every really called musician cherishes the want of this same virtuosity; feels the impulse in himself to hear, to bathe, as it were, in waves of tones, to cradle himself upon their illimitable element, to sail through their pure ether, to let their fragrant breath smooth his unfolded wings, to envelop himself in the cloud shapes of their fairy land, to listen to their tragical or touching dialogues, to transport himself into their world of expressive atoms, glowing and sparkling like the magic formulas of a celestial speech. Franz wanted to hear music made, and to make music

himself; he gave himself passionately up to organ playing, and on Sundays ran from one church to another, to relieve the respective organists on single choral verses.

"In those days he was attending the Halle Orphan House Gymnasium, and his studies there formed his principal occupation, the so-called *serious* side of his life, upon which his parents laid the greatest stress, while they always considered his attachment to music as only a harmless monomania, from which they would gladly have seen him delivered, since such idiosyncracies always hinder a young man from the attainment of that well-varnished, well-mannered, comfortable *Philisterei*, that coveted goal of all good fathers of a family, in whose train they can with tolerable certainty anticipate a fixed position, a respectable marriage, a decent exterior, a decent living, and finally a decent burial for their son and heir. The professors of the gymnasium treated the Art-dallings of their pupil with still greater severity than he had experienced under the paternal roof; his secret musical amateurship became the butt of many witticisms and there were plenty who would call him "Fool." The Cantor of the institution had appointed an hour for music lessons for the more gifted pupils; Franz felt himself drawn toward him; he was so cramped and narrowed by the boggy water of mental inactivity, that whoever let him pass without *snubbing* his artistic passion became welcome to him; in a short time his musical protector invited him to be his accompanist. The compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart kindled a new flame in him, and cast the first gleams into the dim confusion of his ideas, which no one helped him to clear up, and in which he had in vain sought light himself. This is one of those favors which fate vouchsafes to those under its protection, renewing for them in the most urgent moment, through men or events, the drying marrow of their faculties.

"Trembling with enthusiasm, possessed by the sounds which had entranced him, Franz now ventured, without having mastered even the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, or any sort of thorough theoretic knowledge, nay, without even a clear recognition of their necessity, upon his first attempts at composition. Now, as before, he remained left to himself, and, without explanation or advice from others, worked along at random. The impulse to produce so far predominated in him that at this time the order of importance in his different labors was reversed. Until now, in spite of his more and more overweening bias toward music, in spite of the tendency of his mind to bury itself in musical problems, and devote to them in truant secrecy his leisure hours, and even a portion of the time allotted to more *serious* studies, still these latter had appeared to him the central purpose of his being; he loved his parents too well to allow an opinion directly opposed to their own to take root in him, and not to accept patiently the conviction which had been instilled into him from childhood, that it was his duty to acquit himself obediently of his Gymnasium studies. But now the spirit of resistance began to get possession of him; he felt, with all his tractableness, that these studies could not be useful to his genuine development, and he lost more and more the power of giving himself up to them with interest and success. Soon there ensued hard conflicts in his soul between

his natural modesty and yieldingness, between his habitual obedience to his parents and the thought that he was squandering his time, was losing his best years at the Gymnasium. For this evil he knew no better remedy than to abandon the course thus far pursued, and under the eyes of a master of music, begin a new period of study, in which his choice naturally fell upon a composer, who at that time enjoyed a great celebrity, and who lived not far from Halle: FREDERIC SCHNEIDER. What artist, who has become so in spite of the narrow views of a tender and prejudiced family, cannot at a glance behold all the phases of the conflict which Franz had to fight through, before his wish was gratified without an open rupture with his friends? He finally left the Gymnasium, in which he had already worked his way forward into the higher classes, and betook himself to Dessau, with the purpose here by persevering study to regulate, clear up and bring into order his indefinite and fragmentary musical ideas; although even now neither he nor especially his family dreamed of the possibility that he could choose music for his calling, for the great end of his life. In such an idea they thought there was nothing to be feared, for they did not once suppose it practicable. He was not very clear in his own mind as to how far his resolution would carry him. His first thought was, to quit the hated school, to give himself up to music undisturbed; in this perhaps a tendency to opposition, which had germinated in him, was not without effect.

"In Dessau we find repeated, although with a change of form, nearly the same phenomena which characterized his earlier relations to Art. The rules and theories, which were taught him and unfolded to him, still repelled him; he did not thrive with them, and he began, after the regular lessons, other labors, which, like his first artistic efforts, had a resemblance to the spider in the weaving of its web, in that he drew the material out of himself. It were superfluous to say that Schneider found but little pleasure in this singular method, and found fault with the dangerous example of such independent strivings. It was not long ere Franz came into the position of a *persona ingrata*. For compensation he won other sympathies.

"If there are masters, whom unfettered, youthful partizans rejoice to follow with almost blind devotion, and, inflamed with a noble courage, seal their doctrines with their own names, with their heart's blood, marching with reckless enthusiasm beneath their banner, such masters stand upon the most dangerous outposts of Art, and fight with a courage which is called desperation by their adversaries, but which in successful cases justifies the saying of Virgil: *Audentes fortuna juvat*. About such masters, who rather found schools than keep up schools, there is always an overflow of the fresh pulses of young life; the surrounding air, laden with electricity, favors the outblossoming of all faculties and starts blossoms of spiritual delight, which awaken and strengthen a consciousness of his own worth in every participant, and therefore remains so dear and not to be forgotten. For Schneider such a feeling would have been rather strange and distant. He did not feel the need of living in an atmosphere in which the mind follows independently its own direction, and thus his school lacked one of the most indispensable requisites of Art. In a heavy,

stagnant, close mental atmosphere, *free* development is impossible to the pupil. Then there form themselves, under the very eye of the master, but without his knowledge, groups of dissenters, who bind themselves together without any clear idea of the revolutionary character of their strivings, without more than a mere suspicion that out of their union will arise convictions and tendencies, essentially diverging from those of the master. So it was with the pupils under Schneider. It could not fail to happen that Franz finally attached himself to such a group, and he himself confesses, that the atmosphere he breathed among those young people (making a great deal of music behind the back of their teacher, who would have been more annoyed by the kind of their music, than by the secrecy of its production) was the only favoring element to his true progress. His studies in harmony and counterpoint were for him only a heaping together of materials, which he was one day to use in the production of quite different pictures than those set him for a pattern. During his two years' residence in Dessau, (1835-7,) he composed really a great deal, and in his attempts of that period it is interesting to trace the painful squirming of a young imagination under the school fetters and the necessity to shake them off."

The remainder next week.

#### Adolph Charles Adam.

In the news by the last steamer, we read the sudden death of this distinguished French composer. A very *light* composer, to be sure, if we compare him with the great names;—a writer of French operas of a sparkling, pretty, popular kind, who stood next in rank, perhaps, among the French composers of the day, to AUBER, although far below him in inventive fancy. An extract from the correspondence of the *Tribune*, which we copy in another column, shows the esteem in which the Parisians held him. We glean from Fétis a few items of his life and works.

He was born at Paris in 1803, and entered the Conservatoire in 1817. After studying harmony and counterpoint with Reicha, he profited by the advice and the example of Boieldieu, the author of *La Dame Blanche*, who doubtless had much influence on the formation of his style. His first attempts at composition were fantasias and variations for the piano, of which he wrote a great abundance, as well as airs and concerted pieces for vaudevilles and opérettes in the smaller theatres. His first opera, *Pierre et Catharine*, (what recent opera writer has not taken Peter the Great for a subject?) was produced at the Opera Comique in 1829, and well received. *Daniouca*, produced at the same theatre in 1830, showed still more power; and from this time his operas succeeded each other with great rapidity. Most of them were ephemeral, for he wrote with altogether too much facility to create what should last. But in 1833 appeared his *Proserpit*, a work, says Fétis, of more force, dramatic feeling, and novelty of ideas than any of his earlier efforts. In 1832 he was in London, where he wrote the music for a grand ballet at the Covent Garden Theatre. Of his more recent productions for the Opera Comique, we may mention among the most popular, "Richard Cœur de Lion," "The Postillion of Lonjumeau," and "The Brewer of Preston," the two last of which have frequently been sung in English in this country. He has also composed sacred music, a "Mass of St. Cecilia," &c. He composed the Cantata for the Opera Comique in honor of the inauguration of Louis Napoleon. His character seems well described in the following paragraphs from the *London Musical World*:

M. Adolphe Adam was above all, and before all, a Frenchman; or rather he belonged to that small minority of Frenchmen which wiles away existence agreeably at Paris. He was educated and brought



up as a Frenchman; he thought as a Frenchman. He labored for fame and money (or rather for money and fame) as a Frenchman; he worked assiduously, and obtained both. Moreover, inasmuch as the laborer is worthy of his hire, M. Adam merited both. His peculiar talent was essentially marketable; and his extreme facility and readiness for any kind of task enabled him continually to frequent the market with his wares. M. Adam was especially serviceable to theatres. If an opera, or a ballet, was required within a given period, however short, M. Adam could always be depended on. A thorough man of business, he was never once known to be behind hand. Had he been a trifle more conscientious as an artist, he would have been less busy as a manufacturer. What the alternative might have been it is easy to guess—less money, perhaps, and more reputation; less travel, and better health; a slower rise, and possibly a longer life.

M. Adam literally hacked himself to death—not through the imperious mandate of genius, which forbids its possessor an instant's repose, while it consumes him in its fire—but from a very opposite motive, upon which it would be indecorous to dwell just now. Mozart, and Raffaele, and Mendelssohn were killed by too much labor. So was the author of *Le Châlet*.

The avocations of M. Adam were many and painful. He could not accomplish all he had to do, and accomplish it well. He composed operas and ballets, without number; he wrote *feuilletons* in the papers; he provided even the Church with music, such as it was; he was a professor in the Conservatoire, a member of the Institute, and at one time manager of a theatre. At the period when he directed the Théâtre Lyrique, where he sacrificed a large portion of his hard-earned savings, M. Adam's existence must have been one incessant turmoil. He had to conduct a theatre, and (still more difficult) to manage singers; he had to compose operas himself and to pass judgment (as an *impresario*) on the operas of others, which for a musician by profession was an invidious task; he had to calculate accounts, to balance profit with loss—and, in the midst of all, to give lessons in the Conservatoire, and to write criticisms upon the musical performances in Paris, including those at his own theatre. How he could find time for so many things is a puzzle. He did find it, nevertheless; and, what is more, time to enjoy the society of his friends and acquaintances, of which commodities few could boast a larger and more varied assortment.

We believe ourselves not far wide of the mark in stating that M. Adam was as amiable as he was clever; and that no one who knew him well could fail to entertain a strong regard for him. In spite of the petty jealousies and miserable intrigues that disgrace artistic (and especially musical) life in Paris, an ill word for Adolphe Adam was seldom if ever uttered. He was liked by acquaintances, and loved by friends. It is not a little to say in his favor that no man who has survived him will more deeply feel his loss than Rossini. To the affection (it was nothing less) which Rossini entertained for Adam we can testify. We have seen proofs of it. What that consummate master and admirable genius never, on any occasion, condescended to do for himself, he absolutely volunteered on behalf of his friend, now departed. Not long ago we heard Rossini address these words, at parting, to the musical critic of a German newspaper:—"Adieu, mon cher ami—merci pour votre opinion de moi—mais, je vous en prie, soyez bon pour Adam; il le mérite; il a vraiment du talent." This, from Rossini, was worth a dozen *feuilletons*.

Poor Adam, towards whom we have to accuse ourselves of more than one unkindness (he was too kind to every one), is now gone to his last home! Let us endeavor only to remember those qualities which made him so generally beloved. They were, indeed, many and excellent. Few visitors to Paris, who move habitually in musical circles, will fail to miss him from the various places of public entertainment, on their next resort to the capital of all the pleasures. No face was more familiar than Adam's, and few were more genial and pleasant. He was for ever eager and "affable" up to the eyes in business, but with a smile of good humor and words of welcome, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, for all who approached him—words that would issue from a mouth of which the most uncompromising exuberance of beard failed to conceal the benevolent expression.

Let us hope, with regard to Adolphe Adam's music, that some, at least, of his numberless contributions to the theatre may outlive him. We are mistaken if more than one gentle spirit will not plead for *Giselle*, more than one merry soul for the *Postillon*, and more than one lover of simple and unaffected melody for the *Châlet*.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 28th. In music there has not been much of interest here during the last week. At the Academy, under the direction of MARETZEK, Mme. DE LAGRANGE has been drawing good houses, but the only time I have heard her was on Saturday in FLOROW's *Martha*. This had, to me at least, the charm of novelty, it being the first time that I had heard a German opera in German, and I was not a little surprised to find how smoothly and melodiously it sounded. Whether the singers sang a dialect less sibilant and guttural than that which we hear in conversation, or not, I cannot say, but it seemed to flow almost as soft from the lips of Mad. LAGRANGE and Mme. D'ORMY as the choicest Italian, and I could not tell for some time what tongue it was. As to the prima donna, of course there is nothing new to be said. She never disappoints or falls short of her mark in any respect. Has an apology ever been made for her in this country? I think not. The music of the opera is exceedingly pretty; much of it very light and bordering sometimes on *dance* music, smacking often even of a polka. In the heat of yesterday, however, it harmonized well with the cool elegance of the Academy of Music, and seemed exactly fitted for relaxation after the consuming heat of the day.

Of the house, which I saw for the first time, I must say, that for *sound*, it is incomparably better than our Boston Theatre, as well as in its general effect on the eye, save that the stage is perhaps too far removed from the auditorium instead of being carried forward into it, as in our theatre; and much as I like the comfortable *red* of our Boston walls, the brilliant gayety of the Academy is very effective and pleasing. The lobbies, staircases, seats, and all the details of our theatre, are much superior in comfort and in elegance. Madame de Lagrange was but indifferently supported and the audience was exceedingly small.

I am glad to hear that BERGMANN intends to organize a German troupe for the next season, that shall be thoroughly competent to producing the higher class of German operas (such as the *Zauberflöte*) in the same manner that we have heard the great Italian operas. With a conductor like Bergmann, there can be no doubt as to the success of such an undertaking. In Boston it would certainly succeed.

One or two concerts have been given here, in which the principal singers of the opera troupe have taken part, but none of any especial interest. The PYNE Opera Troupe are also concertizing here, with what success I do not know. At St. Stephen's Church I heard on Sunday a sacred concert of Italian Church Music, (embracing selections from *I Lombardi*;) in which BRIGNOLI and AMODIO took part, and never have I heard their voices to greater advantage. They volunteered their services for this occasion, the object of which was to raise money for a fine organ. The Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, the pastor of the church, and his sister, a fine soprano, also, in the absence of performers who were expected, took parts in the programme with great success.

PAUL DE LA ROCHE's picture of Maria Antoinette, exhibited at Goupil's, attracts much attention here, and is in many respects a remarkable picture. She is represented as in the act of leaving the hall of the National Assembly, stepping out from the darkness into the full light of day, which is all concentrated upon her face, and makes it almost the only figure of the picture. A sadder, more beautiful, and more noble, queenly face can hardly be imagined; and the figure, without an ornament, in the plainest black dress, is every inch a queen. She could not have been more majestic in all the splendor of Versailles. The subordinate figures are interesting and

expressive, but after all, the face of the queen leaves the image that is stamped upon your memory. It is about to be engraved, and I hope we shall see it in Boston. W.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—(From *The Times*, May 14.)—The third concert, on Monday night, began with one of Haydn's finest symphonies,—No. 10 of the set of twelve composed for Salomon. It was admirably executed, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, and listened to with evident interest. Just now, when theory after theory, one more fantastic than another, simply helps to establish two facts,—viz., that it is easier to systematize than to compose, and that the present is rather an age of speculation and criticism than of production, no more wholesome lesson can be derived than is suggested by such unaffectedly good music as Haydn wrote, when striving to realize his own standard of excellence. We are by no means anxious for the preservation of all the countless works of this old master; but nothing that Haydn gave to the world *con amore* deserves to be forgotten. This symphony in E flat is curious to contemplate for more reasons than one. In the first place, it shows the influence exercised upon Haydn by one who was born after him and died before him. In the next, it proves that in this particular instance Beethoven owed as much to Haydn as Haydn to Mozart. No one can hear the minuet in Haydn's symphony without thinking of Beethoven's No. 4; no one can hear the *finale* without thinking of Beethoven's No. 1. While Haydn's obligations to the later works of Mozart, however, are universally acknowledged, the obligations of other composers to Haydn are too often overlooked.

The other symphony—the C minor of Beethoven—was played with remarkable spirit; but there was scarcely a *piano* from beginning to end.

In the C minor symphony and in the overture to *Der Freischütz* (which terminated the concert) many improvements were observed, for which Professor Bennett is to be thanked. A number of forced and exaggerated "points" were corrected, and the expression intended by the composers adhered to with a punctilio that merited and obtained the acknowledgment of connoisseurs.

The other overture was one by Mr. Cipriani Potter, entitled *Antony and Cleopatra* (written nearly 20 years since)—a work of extreme cleverness, although perhaps not exactly conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare's play. This was well played and much applauded. The "Dramatic Concerto" of Spohr—one of that master's most splendid compositions for the violin with orchestral accompaniments—was performed with wonderful mechanical dexterity by Mr. H. C. Cooper, who, as one of our ablest native professors, was received with enthusiasm and warmly encouraged throughout his performance. The vocal music was excellent. Madame Jenny Ney sang Beethoven's splendid *scena*, "Ah, perfido," with great dramatic feeling; and Herr Reichardt highly distinguished himself in the second air of Danilowitz, which Meyerbeer added to the *Etoile du Nord* when it was first produced at Dresden. An instrumental novelty of merit and originality was introduced—in the form of a *concertante* on Hungarian airs for two flutes and violin (accompanied by the orchestra)—with which the audience were much pleased. The composition (by Herr Doppler) is characteristic and piquant. The execution—by the brothers Doppler (flutes) and Herr Huber (violin)—was perfect. The combination of instruments is sufficiently strange; but such faultless playing left nothing to desire, and the audience were charmed alike with the music and the performance.

BENNETT'S SOIRÉES.—The second of these delightful entertainments came off on Tuesday evening before a very brilliant audience in the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:

### PART I.

Chamber Trio, Op. 26, piano-forte, violin and violoncello ..... W. S. Bennett.  
Sonata, piano-forte, in C minor, Op. 35 ..... Dussek.  
Aria: "O salutaris hostia" ..... Cherubini.  
Andante e Variazioni, Op. 35, in B flat, two piano-fortes ..... R. Schumann.

### PART II.

Sonata in B flat, Op. 45, piano-forte and violoncello ..... Mendelssohn.  
Song: "Sing, maiden, sing," Op. 35, W. S. Bennett.  
Selections from Piano-forte Pieces, à quatre mains, Op. 85, ..... R. Schumann.

The chamber trio (why "chamber trio"?), in A, of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, one of his most melodious and ingenious works, has been often described and often praised. The piano-forte part was of course admirably executed by the composer, who, on the present occasion, was ably assisted by Herren Leopold and Moritz Ganz on the violin and violoncello. These gentlemen are from Berlin, and it was their first appearance in England.

Mr. Bennett was in fine play all the evening, and every connoisseur must thank him for introducing (for the first time at his concerts) that seldom-heard sonata of Dussek (one of the three dedicated to Clementi). Though not equal in merit to "Les Adieux à Clementi" (a sonata in E flat, op. 44—best known in this country as "The Farewell"), the one in C minor is highly characteristic of its author; and even its *buffo* finale, in the major key—which, in less ingenious hands, might border on vulgarity (owing to its theme)—must always please when given in Mr. Bennett's vigorous and unaffected style. The B flat "sonata-duo" of Mendelssohn was another masterly performance on the part of Mr. Bennett, who worked manfully to keep his partner—M. Moritz Ganz, the violoncellist (a good, but not over-spirited player)—up to the mark.

The duets with Madame Clara Schumann were trebly interesting. It was interesting to hear two such pianists together as herself and Mr. Bennett; it was interesting to hear the rarely performed pianoforte music of Robert Schumann; and it was interesting to observe the exquisite solicitude with which the unfortunate composer's gifted and amiable wife dwelt upon every phrase of his melody, every modulation, every turn of harmony. No playing could be more *spirituel* and poetical. The variations (for two pianos) are very original; but still more were we pleased with the smaller pieces, of which there were four:—*Beim Kränzweiden*; *Kroatenmarsch*; *Trauer*; and *Springbrunnen*. Mr. Bennett entered sympathetically into the feeling of Madame Schumann (who was warmly received); and a great treat was the result.—*Musical World*.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—The return of Herr Ernst is always looked forward to with pleasure by connoisseurs of quartet-playing; and no wonder, since among the violinists of the present day he stands unrivalled as a master of expression. In Haydn and Mozart—in Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr—he is equally at home; and it is as great a treat to hear him play one of the early works of the first-named composers as any of the most imaginative and elaborate productions of the last. Nothing could be more exquisite than his reading yesterday of the slow movement in Mozart's first quartet—from the six dedicated to Haydn. It was throughout genial, unaffected, and faultless. No stronger contrast to such music could be found than in the variations and *scherzo* of Mendelssohn (Op. 81), from the posthumous works, where the unbridled fancy of the modern school is united to a contrapuntal ingenuity equal to Mozart's. Herr Ernst entered thoroughly into the spirit of Mendelssohn; and we have never heard these interesting fragments executed with greater spirit and *finesse*—with more playfulness and at the same time more fire.

Madame Clara Schumann was the pianist. Her grand *morceau* was the second trio of Mendelssohn (in C minor), which she played very finely, with Herr Ernst as violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello. We have seldom listened to a more satisfactory performance. This, however, from three such artists was not at all surprising. Madame Schumann selected, as her solo pieces, the Thirty-two variations of Beethoven on a theme in C minor, to which Mendelssohn used to be so partial. Like Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann played them without book. It is hoped that when this lady next appears at the Musical Union she will be invited to perform in one of the chamber compositions of Robert Schumann (her husband). No one understands them so well, or executes them so entirely *con amore*.

The other performers in the *morceaux d'ensemble* were Messrs. Cooper (second violin) and Hill (viola). It was Signor Piatti's first appearance this season, as well as Herr Ernst's; and the director may be congratulated on the reacquisition of this greatest of violoncellists, after a long absence in the provinces with Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind. The rooms were crowded to suffocation.

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